

THE
Smoaking Age,
OR,

The man in the mist :

WITH

The life and death of Tobacco.

Dedicated

To those three renowned and impa-
rall'd *Heroes*, Captaine WHIFFE,
Captaine PIPE, and Cap-
taine SNUFFE.

To whom the *Author* wisheth as much content,
as this *Smoaking Age* can afford them.

Divided into three Sections.

1. The Birth of Tobacco.
2. PLUTO's blessing to Tobacco.
3. TIMES complaint against Tobacco.

Satis mihi pauci lectores, satis est unus. satis est
Nullus.

Upon TOBACCO.

This some affirme, yet yeeld I not to that,
I will make a fat man leane, a leane man fat;
But this I'm sure (howfere it be they meane)
That many whiffes will make a fat man leane.

OENOZ & THOPOLIS.

At the Signe of Teare-Nose.

C 6 2 1 3 CXVII.

Upon the Errata's.

The Authors absence, with the intricacie of this copie, caused these Escapes here committed, to be so many. But no wonder, if Subjects of this Nature become subject to Error, when they treat of so giddie an humour, as Liquour and Vapour. Correct them, as you shall meet them, with a censorious candor.

PAG. 12. lin. 22. for *abilished*, read *abolished*. p. 24. l. 8. for *privation*, read *privation*. p. 53. l. 6. for *Ference*, r. *Terence*. p. 62. l. 20. for *you*, r. *him*. p. 66. l. 7. for *Flap dragon*, r. *Slap-dragon*. p. 76. l. 1. to *deleatur*. p. 78. l. 14. of *suppleatur*. p. 79. l. 23. for *desie*, r. *desire*. p. 103. l. 24. for *Celphalgia*, r. *Cephalgia*. p. 104. l. 2. *begge* *suppleatur*. p. 111. l. 15. for *though*, r. *thought*. p. 118. l. 8. for *either* r. *ever*. ib. l. 22. for *stop*, r. *steepe*. p. 121. l. ult. for *intricatest*, r. *intimatest*. p. 135. l. 11. for *and*, r. *one*. p. 138. l. 1. for *artificiall*, r. *artificially*. p. 141. l. 19. for *Sotary*, r. *Votary*. ib. l. 22. for *eares*, r. *yeares*. p. 142. l. 3. for *batb*, r. *have*. p. 143. l. 15. *an* *suppleatur*. ib. l. ult. for *reseembrance*, r. *resemblance*. p. 147. l. 26. for *at*, r. *as*. p. 150. l. 9. for *Sole-yfims*, r. *Solacifmes*. ib. l. 6. for *word-joyning*, r. *word-coyning*. ib. l. 23. for *legatum*, r. *ligatum*. p. 166. l. 8. for *of*. r. *to*. p. 178. l. 22. for *diet*, r. *riet*.



To
My Learned, judicious, and
most experienced friend, T. C.

Doctor of Physicke :

All successe to his conscionable endeavours:

Sonnet.

TO you, in whom *knowledge & goodnesse* meet,
Whose ends are honest, and whose sole con-
Is to revive your heart-sicke patient, (sent
In humblest sort, as Clients use to greet
Their pious Patrons, doe I make retrait :
To whom I owe my selfe, my life, my love;
My praise, my prayers, next to the Powers above.

The high Physitian, in whose glorious hand
The globes of Heaven and Earth contained are,
Give blessing to your cure, cure to your care,
Prosper your practice both by sea and land,
And give successe to what you understand:
For in you I have found, what's rare to finde,
A curious knowledge in a vertuous minde.


For th'artlesse *Mountebanke*, whose cure's to care
How to deceive a Gull, so much I hate it,
I wish but execution of the Statute,
To such penurious venters of base ware,
Who, as *Hippocrates* relateth, dare
Purchase, by Patients death, a little art,
Which they by peece-meale sell at ev'rie Mart.

For *you*, so long as life runs th'row these veines,
I will retaine a gratefull memorie,
And blaze the fame of your integritie
In such as these, or in some choycer straines,
To gratifie your care, your cure, your paines :
For if we honour him that gives us wealth,
What owe we him that gives us life and health?
"For had I treasure offer'd, I'de refuse it, (it.
"Wanting the sov'raigne meanes of health to use

EUCAPNUS NEPENTHIACUS,

NEAPOLITANUS.

To my worthy approved and
judicious Friend, *Alexander Rigby*
Esquire, all generous
content.

 Assumpsits are *Law-ries* in Courts above,
So be Assumpsits in respect of Love;
This hath induc'd me, Sir, to render you,
Neere to my day, a tender of my due.

For in Gants aged-towne last time we met,
I promis'd you, and promises are debt,
To publish some choice subject in your name,
And in this Toy have I perform'd the same;
Which, give't no pleasing relish to your minde,
It shall by fire be purged and refin'd,
Whereby the airie substance of my booke,
May be resolv'd to nothing else but smoke,
But howso're this Subject you approve,
It acts his life and death but many love;
So as, be you but pleas'd to see his death,
Next time we meet we'll laugh him out a breath:
Meanewhile accept this gage, till I have time
To mold my love in an exacter line.

*For th' Court, where now my suit depending is,
Hath forc'd me write in forma pauperis;
From whence dismiss, your equall selfe shall heare
My Muse can mount unto an higher Sphoere.*

Yours entirely,

EUCAPNUS NEPENTHIACUS,
NEAPOLITANUS.

The Stationer to the Reader.



His Manuscript falling into my hand, for the deserving esteeme of the Author, whose name it bore, I communicated it to the serious perusall of sundrie judicious Censors, who highly approved the curious conceit and invention of the Author: who composed it (as hee hath since ingenuously acknowledged) in his infancie of judgement, which made him altogether averse from publishing it. Howsoever the subject seeme light, you shall finde it like a delightfull soile, so plenteously interveined with pregnant passages, pleasant allusions, liberall and unforc'd relations, as I make little doubt, but it will afford a pleasing relish to any ones palate, who through Criticisme of censure is not prejudicate. Read, reape, and returne.



To
Whomsoever, whensoever,
or wheresoever.

SOME few yeares agoe, one
Boraccio Fumiganto,
a Burmudan, made re-
paire unto me; and upon
discourse of the plan-
tation of Tobacco,
entreated mee upon all termes of love
and familiarity betwixt us, that I would
addresse my pen to treat of that Subject;
being, as he verie truly affirmed, a prin-
cipall help to discourse, especially to our
young English Gallants, whose first sa-
lutation to their acquaintance is, Will
you take a pipe of Tobacco? But my
answer was no lesse roughly than roundly
returned, replying, that Alexander Se-
verus would have smoaked such sellers
of smoake, and Xerxes would have pul-
led their skin over their eares; if these
smoakie Merchants, being such as this
Burmudan was, had vended, or vented
those commodities in their time. With

this answer, my fuming Fumiganto seemed much disoriented, taxing me of prejudicacie, in condemning a Science (for so this Factor termed it) which was not onely hugg'd but honoured by our hopeful Gentic; whose desire was rather to be matriculated in the exquisite taking of a Pipe, than in the tossing of a Pike; in a quiffe and a quaffe, than shaking of a staffe. Presently upon this affront, came in a Trinidadan with a Varinan, who desir'd to heare what Subject it was that made us so hot, I replied, it was Tobacco, the verie fume whereof, as it doth ever, had driven us to that distemper. O insolence, or rather impudence, quoth the Trinidadan! shall a weed, the wealth of many Ilands, and the delight of the Queene of Ilands, receive that aspersiō? tell me, tell me (quoth hee) thou profest Mamothrept to all generous humours, how should long and lingering houres be consumed, how should discourse, wanting matter, be continued, how should entertainment or the life of Societie be preserved, how should hospitalitie now shewie not so much in the chimney, as in the nose of the Gentic, be discovered? Nay more, how should

some

some Companies be maintained, if this
soveraigne receipt to all maladies, were
not countenanced? What Companies,
said I? Marrie the Company of Pipe-
makers, Sirrah Stoicke; whereof one
Brachifort, who is no small Foole, hath
procured a benefite, to inhance the rents
of his pate by the rents of the pipe, and
smoake them who made Pipes for others
smoake. Is it possible, quoth I? Yes, my
cringing Criticke (said the Varinan)
that it is, and yet you disesteeme our
qualitie. Besides, I heare, quoth hee,
that one Æstivus Nepenthiacus, a grand
Monopolist, and a judicious Practist
in his profession, hath of late renounced
his practice, wherein hee was a right
hopefull beginner, to betake himselfe to
the plantation of Tobacco; wherein I
will not justifie his triall of experiments,
being for the most part more deceiving
than thriving; but sure I am his artifi-
ciall Stoves, Limbeckes, Furnaces, and
other artfull inventions, have prov'd
him a Dogmaticall Doctor in his profes-
sion. Whereto I answered, that indeed I
had heard of his rare experiments, but
how little Nepenthiacus had gained by
them, might appeare by this, that as he
had

had formerly left his Profession, so now of late he was enforced to leave his nation, to worke wonders among the wilde Irish. Where report was, hee intended to remaine till he had reduced all those bogs and marishes to plots of Tobacco; so beneficiall is he to the State, though prejudiciall to himselfe. This, quoth the Trinidadan, may bee all easily done, if he exactly observe his geometricall ascents & descents, which by his mathematicall line, which hee hath alwayes in readinesse, with all facilitie may bee attained. For in that glorie of Ilands, wherein I have long time remained, works of greater difficultie than this have beene effected: but to insist on any of these I will not, because they would seeme incredible to the shallow and barraine apprehension of the vulgar: yet to make instance of one for all, I hold it not altogether fruitlesse. I have seene the seeds of Tobacco sowne in a bed of gourds, and in a moneths space the whole bed of gourds were into leaves of Tobacco changed. Whereat smiling, I have read (quoth I) all Ovids Metamorphosis, and I finde there no such transmutation. No marvell (answered he) those were fictions, these

these true and native relations: besides, you are to know that Travellers in their surveyes, assume a priviledge above the authoritie of Authors. Traversing thus our ground, as one cloyed with this discourse, I had a desire to leave them to themselves, and addresse my selfe to mine owne affaires; but Boraccio Fumiganto, my familiar friend, and one who had more interest in mee than the other two, stopt betwixt mee and the doore, conjuring me upon that inviolable league of amitie so long professed & protested, that I would rest satisfied by giving way to their entreatie; promising withall, that my travell should not be unrequited, if I would prosecute something touching the praise-worthy invention of Tobacco, which they with such importunitie desired: But modestly, as seemed me, did I answer: that my labours, as they deserved no such courtesie, so did I ever scarce they should bee mercenarie: besides, if I should give way to their request by publishing ought concerning the singular use of that commoditie, yet might my Task seeme uselesse, the oyle of my Lamp fruitlesse, being employed in that Subject so much pressed, so frequently

quently printed, and therefore needlesse. Whereas the Varinan seemed much incensed, vowing, that many yeares were not past since her first set foot in this Ile, how then could it appeare that any Author would doe him that favour, being no English-borne but a stranger, to undertake for the vent of his commoditie any labour? To which objection I replied, that the English were ever courteous unto strangers, many times approving better of them, than of their owne naturall inhabitants. And whereas, he could not be induced to beleeve that any Author would addresse his pen to write in his favour: I assured him, that I had read the Titles of divers bookes treating of the use and commerce of Tobacco; as the Poem of that English Musæus, entitled, Tobacco battered. Likewise, another pleasant poeticall Paradox in the praise of the P. wherein is learnedly proved, and by impregnable reasons evinced, that Tobacco is the onely soveraigne experimentall cure, not onely for the Neapolitan itch, but generally for all maladies incident to mans bodie. Which discourse is with nolesse exactnesse prosecuted, than Rodolphus Agri-
cola's

cola's was in his tract of the Vanitie of knowledge; Cornelius Agrippa in his discourse of the Uncertaintie of knowledge; or Erasmus in his so much admired Encomion in the Praise of folly. Besides many other judicious relations of late yeares published by our English Navigators, all tending to the praise of that excellent knowledge in the plantation of Tobacco: and those exquisite effects which in forraine countries it hath effected. So as the Herbe Moli, so highly prized and praised by Homer, could not bee more usefull to the wandering Ithacus, in repelling the charmes of Circe, than this Indian weed hath beene ever by their reports powerfull to the travelling Arabs, to inure them to all extremitie. What then should Tasks of this nature be any more revived, seeing so generous and generall an use of it hath made it approved? so as, whosoever should write against it, might have more adversaries to oppose him; than he had reasons through his whole discourse to alledge for him. Yea but, replied the Trinidadan, for all this, it is not unknowne how the Emperour Eudorus hath divers times inhibited this to all
his

his Courtiers: yea, and long since, so bitterly inveighed against the humorous and phantasticke use thereof, as publickly all those great Professours, who formerly did partake of nature with the Salamander, to shew how conformable they would be to the opinion of their Emperour, broke their Tobacco-pipes, to manifest their distaste of what they so violently had affected, by throwing away those instruments by which their smoke was usually conveyed. All this, said I, is no lesse than truth; yet, how long did this distaste continue? Did not those brave Tindarian spirits quickly retaine what they had so seemingly disclaimed? So as, no meat can be well digested (so powerfull is custome being once retained) till a pipe of Tobacco be exhaled, yea sometimes a whole Petoun of Indian smoke be exhausted. For howsoever, to please the Emperour, whose princely and impartiall censure without respect to impost, seemd to men of your profession a little bitter, their pipes were battered, their Tobacco scattered, and this late introduced relique of Gentilitie cashiered; yet by meanes of a meagre Matachin, one Samius Argilloplastes, they were

were shortly supplied, wheresoever, or whomsoever this pleasing humour had disfurnished. Since which time, both Court and Citie have no lesse seemed with your fume, my deare Trinidadan, than the Academic, that golden grove of Hesperie, with your late-knowne smock my Varinan, or the Country, that Court-Ape of vanitie, with your vulgar stuffe, my stale Burmudan. What Academic, said the Varinan? Sure I am, if you meane either of those two Sisters, whose renowne our verie Coast admireth, and whose unequall'd paritie those Countries who never saw them affecteth, you erre much in your judgement; for the Masters and Governours of private houses, (this I dare avouch upon mine owne knowledge) are such careless Guides and Guardians over that Charge wherein they stand interested, as they cannot endure the smell of this Indian Hag, for so they terme it, to evaporate within their Cloysters. So as, being one time there (whereby you shall easily gather how ignorant these sage Magnifico's were in the artfull profession of the pipe) it was my fortune to consort with a joviall frise of young Pupills, all Freshmen

men (save one or two, who had received seasoning from the Pump for their absurdities. With whom having traversed two or three pipes of rich Varina, with some bottles from Fons Clitonius which procured Urina, just as we were canvassing a fresh pipe, in comes a Senior Master, Tutor (as I afterwards understood) to those lively Lads with whom I consorted; who seeing the chamber all in a fume, grew into a monstrous fume himselfe, so as taking up some odde pipes which lay scattered upon the Table, I will henceforth (quoth hee) prevent you Boyes of your piping; and with that, he threw all their pipes into the fire, intending to burne them; and so he might, but not as he meant; for his purpose was to consume them. At this conceited tale of the Varinan, after wee had a little space laughed, I replied; that such ignorance was now from the Academicks wholly exiled: for the greatest and gravest Students well perceived, that long studie would dull and rebate the understanding, being by no externall receipt cheered. Upon which speech, all these three Antagonists with joynt force made towards me, reassailing

me with new reasons to undertake the defence of their Trade, objecting, how by mine owne mouth they would condemn me, if they could not now at last after many perswasions; prevaile with me. For (said they) you confesse the Citie, Court, Countrey: Yea, the Treasurie of all knowledge, even the Academies affect it, and will you in a Stoicke reluctancie oppose it? Besides this, you have sundrie affectionate Allies, all Agents of happie employment and hopefull improvement, who since their plantation in Tortouga have dealt in this commoditie, to their profit and succeeding memorie, which may bee an irresistible motive to induce it. To which powerfull objections I a little relented, yet so; as I expressly told them, I would not much insist upon their conveniencies or inconveniencies of their trade, being of late time inured to dangerous sophistication, having knowne by report of an experienced Chymicke, divers ounces of Quick-silver extracted from one pound of Tobacco: but to discourse of the Life and Death of Tobacco; as first of his birth and education; secondly of his Planting and Propagation, I

H

should

The Preface.

*should doe my endeavour: Wherein they
all joyntly consented; upon which consent
I addressed my pen to this ensuing Tract
heresent.*

THE

THE
SMOKING
AGE.

OR,
The Life and Death of
TOBACCO.



IN *Tartarie* (I reade)
not farre from the
Bermudoes, there
dwelt a rich Hander,
whose name was
Nepenthes: enricht
he was with all the best of temporall
fortunes; and to make his blessings
more consummate, with a chaste and
continent wife, called *Vsquebaughin*.
yet that he might acknowledge, there
was nothing in this *interim* of mans
life so absolute, which was not some-
times attended with crosse, or at least,
allayed, to make humane frailtie con-

fesse a more soveraigne power : hee
 tasted (one distaste) in the overflow
 of his fortunes, which was, want of
 children. Much he had, and great
 possessions was he master of : but who
 should be his heire he knew not, being
 bereft (of that onely one of humane
 blessings, hope of issue. Long had he
 now lived with his vertuous wife,
 when behold he was made happy in
 hope, though the event answered not
 his expectation so fully as hee imagi-
 ned, and thus it fell out. These two
 good Inhabitants dwelling neere to
 the sea, they used now and then to
 walke upon the sea shoare, not onely
 to refresh themselves with the coole
 temperature of the aire, but in meere
 compassion to entertaine (such ship-
 wrack't soules as destitute of hope or
 meanes, were throwen upon that
 coast, it chanced that an Apothecary
 of the *Burmadaes*, (intending to goe
 into *Haemonia* where the best and
 soveraignest herbes, plants, soots, and
 Aromotaries are said to be) he was in-
 tercepted by Pirots, who risling him
 of that poore estate hee had, threw
 him over ship-boord : but see what re-
 venge

fuge he found in the ocean? The *Polype* fish (which naturally loveth sweet savours, & is exceedingly delighted with perfumes or any fragrant smell, taking this Apothecary in her nose, presently approaches him, and swallowes him (for he was but a little dapper knave) quite downe. The poore Apothecary thus imprisoned, yet not quite bereft of sense, but to know where he was, remembers himself, recollects his spirits, & with an expert and successive hand, tries this conclusion; he called to mind how he had some purging Comfits about him, for (he being coſtive in his body, used them upon all occasions:) these he ministers to the fish, which she no ſooner had received, then, as the *Scolopendra* is ſaid to avoyd her very entrails, till she has rid her ſelfe of the hooke, ſo she purged backward and forward: ſicke ſhe was, and heart-ſick of the Apothecarie, and in great extremity, till delivered of him: for any mā may judge, if one pill had ſuch extreme force, what force was he of that miniſtred theſe pills? Not farre from the banke ſide, was this poore Apothecary ſet at liberty: when behold,

he begins now to wrastle with a second death: the billowes of the sea menacing ruine; the whirlepits gaping to devour him; little hope or none is left him; for there's no Purge in all his Boxes will save him. The poore man thus distressed, though to dye hardly resolved, yet he sees no remedy, to die he must be enforced; and surely had dyed, if these two compassionate Ilanders, that ever were prest and addrest to pittie others miseries, had not rescued him. A little Cock-boat being tied to the shoare-side, (though unfit to endure any rough tempest,) *Nepemhes* unlooseth and in meere compassion (though in this adventure he hazzarded himselfe, and was much dissuaded by his wife to the contrary) yet sets he forth towards him, and by the sudden calmnesse of the tempests intimating, that the gods themselves were pleased with a worke of that merit, he takes him up into his Boat, and brings him with a mutuall joy, in safety to the shoare. The Apothecary as yet amazed with his new-past danger, and as one new come out of a trance, thinking these two Ilanders had

had beene *Neptune* and *Tethis* his Queene, and no mortall creatures, made this druggary speech unto them following.

BRAVE and puissant *Neptune*, and you sacred Queene of the nine Iles, Lady maioreffe of the great Ocean, Governesse of the lower Elements, Commandresse of all the skaly generation, from the Sea-horse to the Sea-mouse, Umpireffe of all differences in this watery region, &c: may a poore ship-wrackt Pothecarie speake to your Excellence? one that hath ministred Triackles, Antidotes, Receits & Cordials to all (or most of your Patients) within your flourishing Iles of the *Burmadoes*; and now is enforced (like a poore supplicant) al Drugs of Rheubarbe, *Carduus sanctus*, *Coloquintida*, *Artemisia*, *Oenanthe*, and what herbes or plants soever were preservative against the Scotoma, Oedema, Lithiasis, Paralyfis, Celphalgia, Lycanthropia; all diseases, Ulcers, Morbs or Contagions wheresoever or howsoever arising, all these (I say) set aside, I am now enforced to crave pardon at your Highnesse feet. With this: the

The Apothecaries speech.

two Islanders interrupted him, demanding the reason why hee should pardon? O (replied the Apothecary) I see the judgements of *Neptune* be now (and not without cause) powred upon me ; oft have I (and with watery eyes I speake it) ministred instead of purging materials, such as were binding ; This, this, (and with that he beat his brest exceedingly) have my false Drugs brought me to : I have oft times ministred for potions, poysons to torment my Patients ; that I might increase my estate by their infirmities : I never consulted with my Doctor for my Patients health, but how to augment my wealth, by his lingring sicknesse. Punish me therefore Great *Neptune*, throw me into the Sea, that I may poyson as many fish as I have poysoned men. *Nepenthes* willing to waine him from this strange distraction, bad him be comforted, and with this serious speech shewed him his errors.

MY FRIEND, as thou ascribest, the cause of thy present misery, to thy forepast impiety, and as thou wishest *Neptune* might censure thee according to thy

thy demerits, having deserved the worst of men: so I would have thee know I am neither *Neptune* that can or will censure, nor thee *Tethis* that should shew thee rigour; Two Islanders we are that will shew thee our best of welcome, and hospitality shall be the worst punishment we will inflict upon thee: onely, as thou exprestest thy owne sorrow for the contempt of thy profession: redeeme the time thou hast lost, and retire with us; if we can yeeld thee comfort use us: for never past misery by this shore unpitied, if we could either remedy it, or redresse it. With great thanks went the Apothecary along with them to a neighbour Grange adjoining, where with all curtesie he was entertained. It chanced one day, that *Usquebaughin* sitting discontentedly in her Garden, began to expostulate the cause of her barrennesse, and thus (though her vertues never before so farre transgressed their limits, or lesse expressed themselves) she proceeded.

Wretched *Usquebaughin*, what crime hast thou committed, what offence hast thou done, or what worke of
hof-

hospitality hast thou omitted: That thou (and that onely thou) shouldst be deprived of that commune bounty of Nature? Others have flourishing issues; and though their estates be lesse, yet they know, who shall possesse them: But I (that have no issue, bereft of the greatest of comforts, what awayleth it me to possesse abundance, when all this shall succeed to a doubtfull heire? yet is my griefe enlarged! who will not judge how *Nepemhes* got it? that hath no issue to whom he may leave it; sure (will some imagine) extortion hath been the meanes of his raising, which makes his house so quickly declining. True, true, (unhappy woman) many such surmises will arise from thy barrenesse: though thy husbands vertues be never so transparant. I will retire my selfe therefore to some desolate place, that as, I am deprived of comfort, I may be deprived of light; nor would I have an imputation aspersed on my husbands honour, through my defect. Whilst she was descanting thus her own griefes silently, that the silence of the place and privacie of her passions might

might augment them: *Cantharides* (for so was the Apothecarie called) came into the garden, where seeing this disconsolate woman (all a mort) wiping her teare-swolne-eyes, to minister no lesse solace in her afflictions, than she had done before to his, he thus with milde aspect, and compassionate respect, spake unto her.

I f griefes be best allayed when communicated, or afflictions best eased, when they find partners: be not such an enemy to your selfe (sweet Mistris) as so to engrosse your owne passions to your selfe, as to shrowd them from others. Nor indeed can griefes be concealed. The face is the best Secretary of the heart; and will expresse in silence, what passions move disturbance. But it may be, you wish one of more secrecie to impart your woes unto; of secrecie you cannot, of discipline you may. And though judgment wanteth yet shall secrecy and fidelity supply the place, where more serious advice cannot instruct: Suspect me you need not, for my life is due unto you; and let this protestation serve for confirmation: when I cease to be yours, I will cease to be mine owne. The

The Gentlewoman seeing the character of a good Nature in his ill face, and one that seemed willing to requite so inestimable a benefit as hee had received, subjecting and consecrating his life where it was due: apprehended this occasion of delivering her surcharged brest, recalling to mind how by his profession, there might be some cure to the cause of her griefe. Guest (for so I will be bold to call you:) I know sorrowes are best allayed when imparted, if hope of remedy, or least appearance of release be expressed: But so farre is the nature of my sore above the search or reach of cure, that in expressing them I seeme to augment them, because the opening of my malady, will instantly minister despaire of remedy: yet to satisfie your desire (that generally our hospitality may afford content) I will describe my griefes, though by the relation I expect no ease. Know (my friend) that many yeares have my husband and I lived together, without least difference or debate betweene us: and in that prosperity and happines of estate (if happines can consist in having

suffi-

sufficient) as we have not only a competency in our selves, but have expressed and extended our bounties unto others: Yet in this seeming Beatitude, in this height of riches (know my friend) that we are made miserable, yea, in our riches despicable; the cause is drawne from our want of issue, which you know (if ever experience gave you that comfort) to be the principall motive of true content; ministring best solace to the parents griefes; yea, and reviveing their memory, whē raked up in the ashes of oblivion. Alas sir, what be these faire buildings, flourishing Medes, spacious Downes, which you see wee are here possessed of? they must of necessity succeed to some, and it may be to some base Tartarian, that will raze and deface the memory of our providence, with his security, riot, and superfluous expence. And what shall remaine of us? scarce so much as that we were; But why doe I beat the aire, with a vaine repetition of misery? You have heard sir the occasion of my griefe, the motive of my discontent; and I know you imagine it to bee
above

above the compasse of remedy, let it be sufficient that I have satisfied you, that can satisfie my selfe in nothing save griefe.

This discourse the Apothecary attentively observed: oftentimes lifting up his hands to heaven, thanking the powers divine, that they had ministred him so ample and expedite an occasion, both of shewing argument of his thankfulnesse, and meanes to release this disconsolate woman of her pensivenesse. For this *Cantharides* was excellent for many Cures, but for none so famous as for sterility or barrennesse: for which exquisite Art and knowledge, hee was famous through all the *Burmdoes* Islands: so that as no place was then more savage, so no Region or Countrey had more fruitfull women in it. Thus therefore, as soone as she had expressed the cause of her discontent, with cheerful countenance he thus addressed his speech;

I H O P E (faire Mistris) this present occasion of your grieving shall be (ere long) the motivest cause of your joying: there is no cloud but it presages a following cleerenesse, no
tempest

tempest (but if over-past) moves the
Mariners to more cheerefulnesse.
The Halcyons song they say (Mistris)
bodes a storme; but the Dolphins play-
ing, portends a calme. Some sing a-
gainst their death, with the Swan; and
some sing against their birth, with the
Lark. Some plants are for expelling
sorrow, as the Mugwort; as others to
distract the senses with the Hemlocke.
Some have vertue to cast sorrow on
sleepe, as the Saffron; others to keepe
them waking, as the Moly. And Ele-
ments skirmish one with another, lest
man should be though onely to skir-
mish with himselfe. Windes that rise
in the shoares of *Lepanthes*, in the
Morning, send forth gusts from the
North, in the Evening, calmes from
the West. This I speake (Gentlewo-
man) to expresse the limit of your
griefe extended, the web of your pas-
sions contracted, and now your calme
approching, after so many billowes o-
ver-flowing. The cause of your griefe
I know to be moving: for all creatures
have, and doe repose their greatest joy
in their progeny: *Priam* and his mi-
serable *Hecuba* before the ruine and deso-

desolation of that great and populous Citie, which indured so many sieges ere it was sacked, were esteemed happy in all things, yet the complement of their happinesse consisted in their faire and flourishing issues. *Herotinus* had as much Temporall felicity, as humane debility could attaine unto, yet the extent of that felicity summ'd up it selfe in his 600 sonnes. And true it is you say, that the posterity gives life to the deceased parent; for as long as their issue surviveth, their image seemes revived, and Nature seemes to proportion a second selfe in the child, being cast in the mould of the Parent. But whence this discourse! in expressing comforts of this nature, and not ministring to your discomfort, I seeme to imitate a rigorous and remorselesse Physician, who before hee gives his Patient a Cordiall, applies unto him extreamest Corasives. I am heartily glad (Gentlewoman) I am arrived here for your sake, and if divine powers, (as sure they have) may bee thought to have a hand in mens preservation, for a more excellent end or purpose, sure that *Æsculapius* (which

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lence that publique staine to deserved
 honour; that corrupter of hospitalitie;
 that pearle of greatnesse, bottle-nosed
Bacchus. Doeſt not remember, how
 thoſe ambitious Giants, had well nyc
 ſcaled thy fathers palace; overthrowne
 the manſions of Heaven; and made
 the whole Fabricke of *Iove* a pile of
 ruine? And whence proceeded this,
 but from *Ioves* too much lenitie?
Ixion would have (like thy *Bacchus*)
 beene a little too familiar with *Iuno*,
 if *Ioves* tranſpiercing eyes had not di-
 verted his owne ſcandall, and preſer-
 ved his Queenes honour. But ſee
 what juſt judgement he (in his power-
 full Maieſtie) denounced on ſo impu-
 dent and ingratefull a Villaine: in
 ſtead of loving, he is now rolling, and
 muſt ſo perpetually, the wheele of e-
 ternall anguiſh: Bleſſed prevention!
 Deſerved cenſure! But thou (as one
 either ſecure of thine one ſhame, or
 ignorant of publique infamie) ſitſt in a
 whoores lap, makes Carols to be ſung
 in honour of thy Ballad: O, is not
 this brave ſport for *Bacchus*? Yes,
 yes, thy Tragedy yeelds him an ample
 and ſpacious argument of a delight-

full Comedy: For lately, I heare, hee presented an exquisite Enterlude, all composed of thy follies: here presented one of his drunken Attendants, thy Queene laughing, another thy selfe sleeping, and *Bacchus* brought in himselfe horning; where, like a second *Alcides*, he makes thy browes his columnes, on which he engraves his perpetuall motto, *Non uliro*. Here is excellent worke for a silent asse to beehood-winkt in! What Pilot, seeing an imminent tempest approaching, will not cast anchor, or retire to harbour? But thou, seeing the tempest of thy shame, not imminent, but transparent, sleepest with the Dormouse, and risest with the Snaile, horned. I will be brieft, though a matter of this consequence, requires a world of instruction: make me Italian worke in their guts, play mee *Tereus* part: Thou hast no *Progne*, but a strumpet; no *Philomela*, but an impudent prostitute. Cut out her tongue, and shee will not blab thy shame: hang up *Bacchus* for an Ivie bush at euerie Taverne doore in Hell. Let *Monsieur Claret* (who I am credibly enformed

was

was his Pandor) bee drunke of none but Tinkers, and let them drinke till they surfer, that they may spae him in the street againe. O that I could expresse the infinitenesse of the malady which thou art incident to, and knowes it not; made a monster and observes it not; laught at by thine owne Planter, and sees it not; balladed at by a nastie troope of Gally-foists, Villaines of the last edition; proclaimed Recreants to the field of Vertue, and whipped in the Statute Booke of *Saturne*. And yet (my squeamish Gosin) you cannot see into the eye-fore of your reproach. *Probus* so much respects you, hee will not visit you, lest his approach should publish your shame: *Luna*, like a modest and chaste matrone, because her ordinarie habiliment is an horne, will not see you, lest she put you in minde of that badge you weare. The Planets, as more favourable and auspicious than you are to your selfe, will not come neere your cave (for they are verily resolved) you are planet-strucke already. As I am your friend, so take my counsell; put her away, that has put

you in for all day; live to bee your selfe, and not to be an impeachment to your selfe: Some here of my fraternitie laugh at you, others in compassion pitie your miserie. Neither pitie, nor scorne, are estates worth having: so cleere your disgrace, and wipe off the blemish laid upon your Deitie, that those friends which pitied you, may convert their pitie into joy, others that scorned you, may convert their hate to envie. Howsoever, remaine but your friend, as *Mercurie* will rest ever your Approved, &c.

After the perusall of this letter, you may imagine what cold swounds came over poore *Pluto's* heart: So as in the increase of his distractions, and decrease of his comforts, which he imagined matchlesse, by the new birth of his supposed heire: in the retirednesse of his passions (which seeme most bitter when most retired) hee thus conferred with himselfe; expostulating the probabilities of these suspects, with the sinceritie of his approved and ever trustie friend *Mercurie*; of whose undoubted fidelitie hee made no question: yet because the long-rooted

rooted conceit of *Proserpina's* constancie, and her generall respect to honour ingendred in him a doubtfullnesse how to resolve: yet in the end *Mercuries* information is preferred before his first resolution. The divers enforcive causes whereof may appeare more amply in this private discourse to himselfe.

Pluto's passions.



Letter *Pluto*? Yes, and a bitter one: By these contents I should need an extraordinary night-cap, for mine eares by all Heavens Consistories bee supposed hornes. And by whom should these monstrous Appendices bee created? The letter saith by *Bacchus*. Verie good; then consequently am I mine owne Pandor, that entertained a Villaine to lye with my wife. Yet I can hardly beleeve it: *Proserpina* hath lived many yeeres with me, and was never yet detected: shee ever preferred her estimation above any inordinate thought of breach, or violation of honour;

nour; and as proper personages were in my Dominions, as ever *Bacchus* will make: and can I thinke a drunken Swad can so soone seduce my Queene from her respect to honour? No, no: sure *Mercurie* would have me divorce my Queene, to possesse her himselſe: I know not, if there bee knaverie in *Mercurie*, there must needs be villanie in amitie. Yet *Mercurie* was ever a faithfull and approved friend to me: and sure such a report hee has heard, and that, not ordinarie neither, for it seemes it is confirmed by the generall rumour of the Gods. Why then *Pluto* (to make the conclusion agree with the premises) thou art a Cuckold: and that bladder-fac'd, goggle-ey'd, rheumaticke Rascall, *Bacchus*, has been penning a set speech in *Proserpina's* Note-booke. VVhat remedy? I sha'll bee set in blacke and white for it: to bee the first Prince of hell that ever bore horne for his crest, and mine impresse shall bee about it, *Inopem me copia fecit*; no rather, *Hæ sunt insignia Bacchi*. Miserable *Pluto*, canst thou descant of thine owne shame without blushing? to have thy
Gem

Gem foiled by a Canker-worme? a
 mop-fac'd Rogue, that feldome or
 never lyes in sheets, but makes the
 Taverne his lodging chamber, and
 the bulke his pillow. O inconstant
Proserpina, to chuse a lowlie Knave,
 base in education, grosser in conver-
 sation, and odious to all but Flemmish
 Brittons! Could none satisfie thee (un-
 satiate *Messalina*) but the dregs of pol-
 lution, and that never made difference
 twixt lust and love? How thine eyes
 were dazled? How farre thou dispa-
 ragedst thy judgement? Couldst thou
 see any such excellencie in *Bacchus*, or
 any one good condition to approve
 thy choyce? Was hee so farre above
 thy *Pluto*, as thou preferredst him be-
 fore thy *Pluto*? Blush at thine impu-
 dence: Or if *Bacchus* grape have ta-
 ken so deepe a tincture in thy blush-
 lesse face, as thou canst not expresse
 thy shame by the outward character
 of a blush, at least send out a relenting
 teare, and that perhaps will mollifie
 the heart of thy abused husband. To
 whom should I appeale to? If to mine
 owne Judges, I shall rumour mine
 owne shame in Hell, as it is disperfed
 K 4 already

already in Heaven. If I appeale to Earth, that rancorous Troope of incarnate Devils will answer mee, it is ordinarie with them to have Cuckolds, and they never enacted Law against that Veniall Errour. To bee briefe, they will absolutely conclude they have no Law for it. If I appeale to my father *Love*, and present a bill of complaint to the Senate of Heaven against mine owne wife, I shall bee but laught at, and the cause will be protracted, and my selfe the while eternally tormented with delay of revenge: But what bids *Mercurie* mee doe? Play *Terens* part, cut out her tongue, and she will not blab my dishonour: That were a ready way; and yet hardly were that course secure either; a woman will make a shift to speake, if her tongue be cut out: there is no hope in so desperate a cure. Come, come, I have it: hang laughter: Am I a proclaimed Cuckold, and therefore a complete honest man, and will not I seeke remedy for mine imputation? Is it not a reproach for *Pluto*, to bee termed a Wittall, a plaine honest well-meaning Cuckold? By my regiment
of

of *Stryx*, *Lethe*, and *Phlegeton*: and by all my power I have in this inferiour Government, I had rather be entituled knave, than honest. But where's my Revenge? To *Iupiter Pluto*, to *Iupiter*; he will pittie his sonnes misfortune, and censure *Bacchus* (that slaving Hogshead) according to his deserts. If I put up this Injurie, let me be thrust from my chaire of state, my kingdome of *Tartarie* for ever. Shew remorse on me, and inflict revenge (thou Tonitruous *Iupiter*) upon this Horne-maker: for if thou doe not: *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*. I will *Iupiter*, I will; I'll play the Giants part; scale thy airy Turrets; raze downe thy burnish'd Pyramids; ravish the Beauties of thy Court; and make one of my basest slaves lye with thy Queene before thy face. Passion may be long silent, but not suppress; Injuries may be endured, but not quite supplanted. I will first, like a poore solicitor, attend thy Court with lenity, my next approach shall be in thunder.

PLUTO secondes his passion with a complaint to *Iupiter*, the proceffe whereof

whereof how it fell out, you shall heare afterward. VVe must now returne to *Plutoes* young heire, and how suspicion arose from *Aearno* the Midwife, touching the birth of this young Brat. One day swathing this wanton Bastard, she perceived a marke in the childs brest, resembling the proportion of a Vine: the feature of the leaves, spurges, and Grapes, so artificiall naturall, as made the old Trot exceedingly amazed: on she rowles to *Proserpina*, and shewes her this wonder; the good Queene marvelled not a whit (for she had no reason) knowing it to be *Bacchus* stampe: yet least this should be occasion of difference twixt her and *Pluto*; whose jealousie she had now a little perceived; calls for *Iris* the Post-Boy in Hell, and commands him, after she had enchanted him with her Ebon wand, that he might goe and come invisible, to take his course instantly to the North-part of *Tartary*, (on which Border, the Isles of the *Burundoes* are seated) and there he should find *Nepenthes* child in the Cradle. VVhich child she enjoined him with all expedition and taciturnity

nity to convey from thence, and bring it to her; where, at his returne hee should heare the rest of her will; intending, as after appeared, to convey her young *Bacchus* in his place, that all suspicion might be avoyded; and this stamp of the true father neither might ingender occasion nor argument of suspect or jealousie in the troubled head of her husband.

On *Iris* goes in his Ambassage (winged to make the course more speedy) nor rests he his wearied body, till arrived at the utmost Cape of *Bur-mudoes* sea, where after long search, he findes the joyfull house of *Nepenthe*: in he goes (and in the darke covert of night, when cares get repose, and the ambitious thoughts of men find harbour) he easily takes the poore infant from beside his sleeping parents. Up hee mounts with the child, and with as much celerity returns to the care seased Chamber of *Proserpina*: where sitting alone (for *Pluto* was turned advocate in heavens conclave) seeing *Iris* come into the chamber, with as quicke pace (as if her senses before estranged from her, had beene

beene suddenly revived. The child she receives, and the child with as cheerefull a countenance, flies into her bosome. Pretty brat, that occasions no little griefe to thy poore parents, that in their sleepe possessed thee, but waking in the survey of their barrenness makest their lives loathed, but their griefes must not be dilated by our pen; we will leave them sorrowing, & returne to *Plutoes* successe in his suit.

Proserpina now at hearts ease, intending next morning to send her bastard to *Nepenthes* house, that it might remaine there fostered in stead of their owne; was prevented by her husbands returne; who came in as she was committing and commending the child to the care, tuition, and safe convoy of her Herald *Iris*. How these two encountred may be imagined by *Plutoes* former passion; yet to make our discourse more complete, and the series of our tale with better concordance knit up; You may suppose *Pluto* entring his Queenes chamber, and with sparkling eyes, severe looke and menacing aspect, thus chastising her.

Pro

Proserpina encountred by Pluto.

Impudent Minion ! doest thou imagine *Pluto* has no eyes, because he weares horns? Let go the bastard; he that fathers it is able to keepe it; Thou hast stuff'd my head with horne shavings; made me infamous for ever; derided in heaven; contemned on earth; and pittied in hell. None but *Bacchus* (insatiate strumpet) to flie to, That on my knowledge is buzzing with every milke-maide ! Am I the Rhynoceros thou hast branched ? the first Cuckold of thy making ! and the first that ever was in hell created ! and thou it seemes (to blinde my eyes) wouldst covey this Brat to some desolate promontory, some Anchorage or Sotary, for to pray for thy lewdnesse ? Sure I thinke if ever it proved Fryer it were not of the mothers mind, but ere five eares were expired, it would sing, *The Fryer has lost his breeches*. Out Cockatrice, out: with what forehead canst thou plead for pardon ? I that tooke thee up, as
earthly

earthly Gallants, take up light commodities, stragling from thy mother, hath found thee now strayed from thy honour. I will never keepe holiday in thy remembrance hereafter, so long as thy wind-pipe is open. Thy melody shall be converted to shrieking; thy best of delights to perpetuall dispairing; and thy late banquetting to incessant tormenting. Cuckold *Pluto*, you strumpet, and none but *Bacchus* to doe him that dishonour! Better could I have beene pacified, and sooner had the passion of my eternall choller been mittigated, if any within my owne Regiment had done it: But a drunken slave, that in the height of his Cups, will rumour my hornes to all his Cup-shot Affacinats! Goe to Hell shall roare for't. Thy liberty shall be perpetuall imprisonment; thy life horror; and though thou wish death, yet, he shal not be so thankfull as come, if it be but to augment and aggravate thy misery. And for thy Bastard, heare *Ioves* decree.

Ioves

Ioves Decree.



Y the power of my
command, *Iove* the
supernall commander
of heaven, soveraigne
of earth, head Prince
of the Mediteranean,
and absolute Emperour of the *Tar-
tars*, planter of Iles, establissher of
Nations, Extirper of the Bastard
Race, auspicious Protector of chaste
affections, ratifies this decree follow-
ing: Whereas *Pluto* our well-beloved
sonne, upon just complaint of *Bac-
chus*, and his licentious Queene *Pro-
serpina*, hath informed us of illegiti-
mate issue, descended from their un-
chaste loynes. And that the Bastard
(as an apparant and evident note of
his dishonour, continues in the Court
of Hell, to a publike contumelie of
the said *Pluto*, and no lesse grieve to us.
We therefore, to root out the very
memory of such disgrace, and the be-
ing of so worthy an issue: doe in our
power transforme the said Bastard (in
resembrance of *Acanthus*) into a
a Plant

a Plant; w^{ch}, to expresse his father shall still reserve the name of his progenitor *Bacchus*: and therefore have we in his memory, called him (as one commended to the care, protection, and tuition of his father) *Tobacco*, the curse whereof we referre to the consideration of our sonne *Pluto*, whose injuries we in compassion feele in our selfe. And that our decree is not to be abrogated nor disanulled; We have here in our celestiaall Consistory, Sealed it with the subscription of our glorious Synode sublined, *Mars, Mercury, Saturn, Neptune, Eolus, &c.* Our decree is not to be adjorned, but with expedition confirmed. For *Proserpina*, to pray is bootlesse; prayers are out of season; or to weepe and deplore her present misery, is fruitlesse; teares cannot move remorse. The Decree must be performed, and so it was: for *Medusa*, that brave inchantresse, is sent for according to *Ioves* Decree: and she with her Snaky-rod catching the child, with the Decree read over it, transformes it presently.


power transforme the said Baited (in
a snake) (wherein) into a
Plant

*The Argument of the following
Discourse.*

NOUGHT now but leaves for that same feature cleare,
Which but of late did in the child appeare.
The root, the feet, the body was the stemme,
So much commended now of mortall men:
His father heard it, that his child should take
Another feature, and another shape:
Incens't at first, yet makes his sonne divine;
For Bacchus steepes Tobacco in his wine.
The sonne makes sober, and the father drunke;
Thus by Hells birth, Earth's to confusion sunke.
Now wee'l proceed as times be worse and worse,
From Bacchus blessing, to Tobacco's curse.

*The curse of Tobacco, or, Pluto's
blessing to Tobacco.*

Chap. 3.

 O retourne to the miserable
state of those poore Islanders,
that were now deprived (un-
awares) of their choycest
and selectest comfort: I need not,
onely to expresse the renewall of their
hopes; Know that *Proserpina* in re-
morse of her impietie, weaving a se-
cond error in her first offence, and
L one

one no lesse (if not more) inexcusable than the other; returns their child againe with a sumptuous Armolet about the Arme of it, to recompence the wrong she had done, with advantage. VVhat joy the Parents conceived at the restitution of their child, I leave it to you to imagine: Meane time, we will proceed with the second branch of our discourse, to wit, the blessing (or cursing rather) which *Pluto* gave this Bastard Plant, foretelling, with what admiration it would be received on earth.

Now my brave Bastard, I will send you up wrapt in a Paper to that father of yours, *Bacchus*, and may my blessing follow thee. Thou art now to travell through many straits: first through the noses of the *Burmudoes*; for there it is fit thou offer thy selfe first, because they challenge an interest in thee by thy birth. Thou shalt be hissed out of the schoole of *Hypocrates*, *Aesculapins*, and *Galen*. Not a Quack-salver Doctor upon the Universe, but shall reade Lectures on thee, as if it were upon an Anatomy. The mercenary Pedler shall counterfeat thee:

thee: and drying some VValnut leaves, shall forswear himselfe for thee. The Frenchman shall love thee, for thou art restorative to his infirmities; thou shalt be as familiar with the tattered Indian; as Slapdragons with the Flemming; Potatoes with the Italian; or Flawnes with the Bohemian. Thou shalt be thy fathers Caterer, provide him victuall and victualers to eat his victuall. Yet my comfort is, thou shalt not be onely for the generous Gallant, but as well also for *Aminadab* the Pedant, and *Hob-nayls* the Pesant: The very Tinker (with his fine Brasse) shall tinkle on thy sides, and snuffe thee out like Neeffing-powder. The Pox and Piles shall reverence thee: one fire strikes out another; and whole families shall maintaine their Tatterdemallions with hanging thee out in a string. But of all Cities, Iles, Provinces, Dominions, or Segniories, none shall entertaine thee in that royalty, or with that generall state at the Albionacts: their Long Acres, Uplands and Downe-lands shall flie in a trice to retaine thee in their company; Thou

shalt soake them to the bone (my renowned Bastard) and make them skarre-Crowes to Nature. Yet, it cheeres my heart, when I thinke how every foole must have his Bable; and not a good discourse without the suggestion of thy brave, pregnant and fiery spirit. Yet, as well as they love thee, they'l spurt thee out, and make thy owne Mansion all be slubberd with thy owne Iuyce; while this raiseth *Pluto* one pin higher: to see a yong Cavalero splt out his patrimony in Rhume. No entertainment without thee; nor speech worth observing, that has not life from thee. Thou makest the pursued Roarer forget the Serjeant is at doore to arrest him. Thou makest him valiant: not a Brasse button on the Universe dare attach him. Who dare encounter *Phaeton*, that is nought but fire and smoake! Sending out the Tapers of his wrath, the fagots of his indignation? The Cressets of his spleene, and the furnaces of his evaporated Ire at the Crevisses of his Nose? Why, I shall be made to blesse thee: Thou wilt be the onely enlarger of my kingdome, the en-

enricher of my state; and the stablisher of my Empire eternally. I shall thanke my wife (ere long) for my Bastard honours. Never did *Alcydes* more for his stepmother *Iuno*; than thou for thy stepfather *Pluto*. I see *Charons* boat over-burdened already; hoys up sayles *Charon*, my hony Baltard sends thee them in Swoupes. But I see more vertue in them yet; as the light of the fire darkens the light of the candle, so shall thy smoake (the pure Elixir of a Gallants brain-pan) draw to thee all the smoake that's used to steme out of great mens Kitchens: Their habitations shall become as desolate as a Wildernesse; as bare as trees in fall o'th' leafe; as naked as a Frenchmans Scalpe; and as destitute of hospitality, as a Wappin Broker of honesty.

But this is nothing to that reverence those smoaking Albyonaets will do unto thee: there will a *Scholar* make a set speech to thee; and canvase thee in a Blanket, with predicamentall words, above comparison or Gradation. VVith, O thou *Hyble* of Intelligence; thou *Arsenall* of
L 3 eminence;

eminence; thou *Castalia* of Ingenuity; thou *Hermione* of Harmony; thou *Systema* of Logicke; thou *Anadema* of Rhetoricke; thou *Anathema* of choller; thou *Astrea* of Honour. Thus will the word-joyning Scholler grace thee. Then the *Lawyer* with his Quillets and mentall reservations, Solecysims, VVrits, and Demurres without Demurres, will thus aboard thee.

O, if *Iohn a Styles*, or *Iohn an Oakes* had knowne thee in their dayes, what cases couldst thou have put thē? for by thee (and none but thee) thou *Heautontimorumenō* of judicious pleading, we gain'd a *Melius inquirendum*, what it is, or what it meaneth? as for example, if we find thee not in thy spirit and life here, we seeke thee elsewhere, and so by a *Melius inquirendum*, we possesse thee. By thee (and none but thee) we find what is a *Capias ad legatum*; for being taken in the head, we are forc't to lie by it. By thee we find what an Injunction is at the first sight; being injoynd to avoyd much corrupt matter, wherewith men of our profession be extraordinarily troubled. Wherefore, if thou have

have any action of Outlary, against any Gallant or Gallants, within our Precincts, in behalfe of Arrerages due to thy Master in thy behalfe; we will procure thee expedition for nothing, (and reason) for thou art incorporated in us. Thus will the spruce *Areopagite* discourse to thee: where presently a Waterman, a Tankard carrier, or such necessary Hogs snout in the City will thus accoast thee. O smoake, no smoake but vapour, and no vapour but smoake! thou makest my Tankard as light as a Pipkin; thou makest us never thinke of our poverty, drawne in Sluces from *Ware*, and in Pipes to *London*. Nay, nose it (neighbour *Timothy*) nose it; O Herbe of Grace! surely he that founded thee was some Traitor, for thou hast betrayed me of my wits already. Come, another Pipe, good Master *Flie-smoake*! why may not we send out a Tankard of water at our nose, as well as Master *Had-land* blowes out his Acres? We will honour thee still (my brave *Trinidadicall* spirit) and we will take it i'th' snuffe whosoever wrongs thee.

Thus (my Noble and Heroycall

Bastard) shall all Professions honour thee; all degrees reverence thee; and the chiefe Metropolitan Cities shall maintaine their greatest Trafficke and Commerce by thee. Happy shall bee that man, who can engrosse a portion of thy quickest spirit to himselfe! It shall stand instead of his Orisons in the morning; and early will hee sacrifice the snuffe of his Candle to thy Incense; not a complete Gallant, that hath not his *Vienfiles* to conduct thee to his nose: for thou ministers him a portion of joy, and tells him of building another Castle or Colosse in the aire.

Thus thou playest Minister to *Pluto*, and estates me in an ample Government; thy smoake shall be the conveyance to hale those snuffing Prodigalls to my smoaking Dominions; for thou art but a preparative to the solemnizing of thy father *Bacchus* his Festivals. Thou, to open the passages to receive liquor: He, to poure in his unfathomed Bucket, and to rinse their Liver: Thou, like another *Synon*, burnes *Troy*; sacks the Citie; rases downe the walls; and with thy
perfidious

perfidious incursion, subjects all the inward parts of the Citie to desolation: He, when all things are done (like a seeming friend) protests affection, and with ceremoniall Ambages insinuates into that poore Fort which remaines: where like *Sileni* of the last Edition, they entertaine him, receive so much of his Complement, till they become complete and replete Gallants: then, *-furor Arma ministrat.* *Bacchus* sets them by the eares, Buffet stooles walke, Pottles (like pellets) expresse their meaning by their clattering. Here (my worthy step-child) the comfort of my wronged bed, and the onely hope to eternize my soveraignty, beignes my Joy! for Discord and Dissention yeelds to me a perpetuall Union and Harmony. Thou art that Brand of *Paris*, shalt make earth flame for't; that *Olympia* serpent (that snake of *Adraste*) shalt winde thy selfe in the minds of men, and draw a greater fleet to thy Voyage of *Tenarus*, then ever were of *Argonauts* to *Colchos*. If those three Sisters, *Oeta*, *Orypete*, and *Celano*; those Arch-Pyrats, Harpies of the Atlantick,

Atlanticke, brought such rich booties
 to their mother *Cleena*, what will my
 transformed Bastard doe for me, that
 hath the whole world to come in?
 Thou wilt make *Bacchus* call thee his
white boy; and I will crowne thee with
 a Diadem of burnisht gold; with a
 plume of Estrich feathers: and thou
 at thy returne, like another *Aquila*,
Affricane, or *Pompey*, shalt triumph
 in the streets of Hell; weare as many
 Trophies, as thou hast enricht the
 Treasurie of Hell with soules. Heere
 shalt thou lead the Prodigall in chains,
 and with a shadow of smoake, draw
 him to follow thee, *ant sequetur, ant*
trahetur. Here, my brave Spend-times,
 shall desire thy company; but thou like
 a triumphant *Hannibal*, shalt con-
 temne them, leading the Slaves in
 bonds; and like another *Tamerlane*,
 make Earths Sovereignes follow thy
 Charriot wheelles, crouching like pe-
 destals at the foot of thy Majesty. Hear
 my Cautions therefore; and in obser-
 ving them, thou shalt purchase thee a
 wreath of eternall honour: Not a
 Fiend but shall bend to thee; and thou
 in the Majestic of thy state shalt con-
 tempe

temne the greatest, being made miserable by thine enchantments.

*Especiall advertisements given by
Pluto to Tobacco.*



FIRST caution I propound, is, that in everie place wherethou comdest, thou take the best Booth in the Faire. Plant thy selfe in the eye of the Citie: set mee the picture of some fallow-faced Blackamoore, or a Virginia-man, for that will rather draw custome upon the Frontespice of thy doore: A *Zeuxes* or *Apelles* would doe well in these cases, to enforce passengers by the picture, to draw neere the substance: make a partition in thy shop; it may bee the hot Venetian comes to bathe with thee, rather than to drinke Tobacco with thee. Draw the curtaine close (sinne would have no eyes poring upon her) and when thou seest a young raw Novice, that never was yet

yet matriculated in the schoole of vanitie, make a speech to him in commendation of thy vertue, power, and operation; if hee listen thee with a greedy eare, continue thy discourse with arguments, and how insufficient soever, no matter, the Gudgeon will be taken, and having him once in, presume on his custome. Now and then to discourse of novelties, and unheard-of rarities, will not a little encrease custome: for the phantasticknesse of the age admires nothing so much as fabulous relations. Tell of thy strange birth, but neither of mee nor of the place of thy birth: though men come so frequently to me, yet they love not to heare of me: I would have thee in any case lay traines for the better sort, for the worser sort love to imitate the better: And then in thy profession thou maiest apologize thine cirours (as thou canst hardly bee without them) if thou meane to live rich, or not to die a Beggar.

THERE bee three persons I would have thee use with all observances, the Scholler, the Lawyer, and the Poet; I distinguish them, for seldome makes
Poet

Poet Lawyer, seldome becomes Lawyer Scholler, seldome exquisite Scholler either Poet or Lawyer. The Scholler to confirme thy profession by reason, the Lawyer by equivocation, and the Poet by invention: One to discusse, another to discourse, and the third to fable. These, as by time observing, they may bee eternally won; so by scurvie usage they may bee eternally lost. The Scholler will bee thine, if thou talke in his element; sooth him in his arguments; and call him most profound, dogmaticall, and literate *Trismegistus*: let not one reason (though it be never so wide of sense) passe from him without thine approbation; and when thou art wearie in praising his imperfections, fall to admiration; but let it be, -- *Ut pueri Iunonis Avena*. If thou canst know what Universitie he is of, advance it with new-coyned and strangely-minted Hyperboles: Discourse a whole houre of the antiquities of the place; not Mount *Parnassus* it selfe more ancient. Then dispatiate into the pleasantnesse of the seat; the fruitfulnessse of the place; and withall,
of

of the greatnesse of their Commons; for that they like to heare of, though they seldome see it. These discourfes will make the Scholler thine owne; he is thine individuate and incorporate friend; the Ivie claspeth not neerer the Vine, nor the Miffell-tow the Oake, than he will knit to thee.

THE Lawyer will be thine, if thou compare these present times with those flourishing and impartiall dayes of *Hortensius*, *Marcus Appian*, *Cornelius Gracchus*: swearing too (for thou must make no bones of oathes) that for pure eloquence, excellent conveyance, absolutenesse of method, and other proprieties, *Rome* in her glorie (even in the maturitie of her time) never attained so absolute and exact a course in pleading. Then in defence of corruption, (because everie man must live by his trade) talke of brave Senatours, and the bravest Councellours, would now and then be anoynted. and for unction dispense with conscience, and tell him withall, examples of authoritie to confirme it. This discourfe will so ensnare my young Mowter, as no question (if hee distaste smoake)

fmoake) hee will frequent thee for thy many good parts: An oyly tongue(my nimble Bastard) is worth a kingdome.

FOR the Poet, I cannot tell what to say to it, he is so oft out of his wits, as he verily imagines himselfe the man in the Moone: There's quick-silver in his braine; and if he were not now and then encountred by Sergeants, and kept under locke and key, hee would verily turne Bedlame. Yet because phrensie must bee purged, and thou (my Wag-halter) hast vertue and operation to love such, becken to the thred-bare contemned Urchin, give him a pipe on my score, hee'll pay it at the next new play he makes, if the Doore-keepers will bee true to him: and if not, hee'll make thee up some scurvie end of a Ballad, deserves a pipe of fmoake. But before thou humour him, I would have thee finde him, and I protest to thee I cannot direct thee to him: many have this name, but as farre different from the perfect straine of a Poet, as the glistering of the Glo-worme from the light and splendour of the Sunne. Some come from the camp to the stage, from the pike to the pen;

pen; and few Souldiers will prove good Poets. For the nature of these men (I my selfe have had an itching inclination to this poetickall phrensie) had rather fight with *Bacchus* than *Mars*; and had rather cope with a barrell, than oppose themselves to a quarrell. Others, from an Indenture to a Theatre; the Scribe turnes Pharisee; and *Asinus ad Lynam*, expresseth his owne shame by his Scriveners fragments. Others, from mowting to comicke writing: a brave honour to descend to Poet from Lawyer. But amongst these (my brave *Spirito*) thou shalt finde many generous wits possessed with this phrensie; call them to thee, smoake their wits, it may bee they are mustie, and desire foaking: These poore Ghats deserve thine acquaintance, even the lowest favorite in *Parnassus* Armourie, *Qui nescit versua, tamen audet fingere*. Take him to thee, hee shall, for his love to Ribauldrie, drinke a pipe on my score: What shall vanitie want smoake? No, (my thrice-renowned Hermaphrodite) smoake thou them here on Earth, and I will smoake them in Hell with pipes of

of Sulphur. But I pray thee retaine these last of all others; they will draw company to thee; they are made the verie *Maris's* of our time; and what good wit but either can draw thee into acquaintance with great ones; or is so endeared to the other sex; as by their meanes, thou shalt have creatures of both kindes (and that will make thee for ever) resort to thy shop continually! Humor me these Poets; extoll their devices, though thou never heard of any of them; they love to be tickled: Flatterie they cannot judge of; for they verily imagine their deserts out-strip all commendations. But now (my Rogue in graine) if thou couldst set up a private *Refectorie*, for the young effeminate sort (for they would like Adamants draw continual recourse). I would hug thee eternally. Sell mee Potato-roots, Erin-goes, all Electuaries, Confections, Receipts, Concepts, Deceipts, Pomatum, Cerusse, with a large recitall of thy brave commodities; and a little smooth-faced *Ganymede* standing at the doore, who like another Parrot or Mag-pie, may cry ever in one tune:

M

What

*what doe you lacke? Pomatum of the best, Cerusse; what doe you lacke? If thou be so blest, as to get these Syren-faced things into thy confines, I shall be happie in thee. The best meanes to ensnare them, is to commend them; and in comparison of sexes, to prefer theirs in many degrees before the grosse and distempered constitution of man; summing up some especiall records of their sexes worth. "Blessed creatures, Soveraignesses of earths happinesse (thus mayst thou binde them to thee;) when Nature framed the best of her Art, shee exemplified it in you, making you the founders of Cities and flourishing Countries, Provinces and Ilands. *Asia* first founded by a woman of that name. *Europe* by *Europa*, daughter to *Aege-* nor King of *Phanicia*: and *Scythia* of a woman that sprung out of the earth, who named her sonne *Scytha*. To describe the rare sitos and foundations of Iles (matchlesse creatures) *Rhodes*, *Corcyra*, *Salamyna* and *Aegyna* were all founded by women. Shall I ascend higher, and register your excellence in the Planets, and those celestiaall*

celestiall bodies, which give humane bodies light? There bee a thousand and twentie stars names knowne, all which have their Constellations of women. Shall I then expresse your incomparable natures, by essentiall goodnesse? why! Vertue her selfe makes your sex inimitable,

Justice with a sword in her hand portrayed like a woman; Prudence with a glasse; Temperance with a diall; Fortitude with an huge Colossus on her shoulder, that *Hercules* could not remove: all these in Imbroderies, as Tapistrie, Cloth of Arras, and the like, beare the formes of women.

Thus commend them, and they will sooner buy Eringoes of the worst (so they may have them by *retail* at thy shop) than at others of the best, that cannot with a glibberie tongue deifie them. But I hold thee all too long: last Caution I should give thee, have I reserved for the last, that it may take deepest and firmest root in thy memorie: on my blessing I warne thee to contemne honestie, as a poore whore that is neither for

Court, Countrey, nor Citie. Spurne at her when shee offers to be acquainted with thee ; it is not fit that *Pluto's* Bastard should respect Honestie. Get and care not how ; forswear thy selfe and thinke not when ; cheat, respect not where. Honestie could never thrive in the world ; as she is a beggar discard her ; as shee is simple scorne her ; and as she is base loath her. When shalt thou see Honestie approach a great mans palace , enter a Tradesmans shop , or get bed-roome in an Inne ? but Knaverie is ever reaping a commoditie : There is not a Comrade in all the Citie , but she can make use on ; that wind blowes ill , where she gaines not something. To bee short , ere thou ever set up shop , or hang out thy Blackamoure , disclaime honestie ; entertaine perjurie ; and the first part of knaverie may begin with a paire of uneven scales. Thus if thou proceed in thy trade , I shall thinke my Cautions well bestowed ; if not , to aggravate thy punishment , I will eternally banish thy trumpet-mother from mee ; and make those verie Gallants which frequent thy shop , kicke thee into the kennell

kennell for thy honest simplicitie. More should I say unto thee, but that Hell growes turbulent for want of government. Though I doe not leave thee as I found thee, in that thy shape is altered; yet I leave thee in some respect better instructed: This is my last blessing; Fly into the world, and may knaverie guide thee, false weights enjoy thee, and many phantasticke Asses be seduced by thee.

HAVING shipp'd this plant in *Charons* vessell, and sent it into the world, what commerce it had in time, and what people of all conditions frequented it, shall appeare by this pitefull complaint made by Time; whom you may imagine came forth of an old decayed and ruinous castle, bald-headed, with a sythe in his hand, and blubbered face, standing in the publique street of *Troynovant*, (for there this Plant tooke first planting:) where he exclaimes against *Pluto's* Bastard, in these or the like continuat passions.

The Argument.

The Complaint of Time upon Tobacco; and the miserie of mans securitie, losing that treasure by Times expence, which can never be repurchased, or redeemed, but by bitter and incessant repentance.

Chap. 4.



Ho CALLS on Time? Who makes use of Time? Or who in meere compassion will wipe these teares from the eyes of Time? Unhappiest of men, that should offer the best of men, yet art despised by all men! None here will negotiate in thy behalfe; they make thee a stale to their pleasures, a Pandor to their filthinesse, a Brothell of shame, and a contempt to thy selfe. None esteemes thee as thou art, precious; but makes thee different to thine owne nature, vitious. The ambitious man hugs thee, to climbe the ladder of preferment by thee. The wanton and licentious Courtier, to satisfie the phantasticknesse of his braine-

braine-ficke vanitie by thee. The covetous miser, to enrich his never-contented coffers by thee. The Prodigall, to spend the gifts of Fortune, and the refined treasure of his sin-crazed soule by thee. Thus, who uses thee like thy selfe? Who honours thee like thy selfe? Or who embraces thee, but either by pleasing Earths Mammon, to displease himselfe, or by contemning thee utterly, to undoe himselfe? If thou hadst that which thou hast not, it may be some would catch thee, but being bald (as thou art) none layes hold on thee; what, none? no, none; *Nemo; bercule, nemo!* Yet, me thinks, for all thy baldnesse, the Sergeant should clap hands on thee; his fingers will grant a bald man no dispensation. Yet thee he never looks at, for why? thou art out of debt, though all be in arrerages to thee, all engaged to thee, all in subjection to thee: And like an imperious Owner mayest command an houely arrest; yet, who is it of all my debtors braves me not? who, of all my factors condemnes mee not? and (to my grieve) who not of the basest revile me not? Miserable Time!

unhappie Creditour! to have so much pitie on such insolent Debtors. Here I heare my name contested by Truth, and presently my testimony is beat downe by Falshood; there, the simple honest man craves that I may try the cause; for (saith hee) Time tries all things; and presently the poore man is cut downe, before his cause come to the verdict of Time. Thus Justice goes on stilts, and Time supports her; Falshood goes under warrant, and Time secures her; Simplicie is oppress'd, and Time must delay her; the good suffer, and Time sees it; the ill are dispenc'd with, & Time confirmes it: Thus may all men impute the cause of all disorder to Time; and so they doe, while I in pitie of the good, will in Time inflict due punishment on the evill. Meane time, like *Iove* himselve, and those *Aethereall* Powers above, who for all their integrity were accus'd to be Authors of their owne impietie, Art thou blamed:

O facinus! mortale Genus nos Numina primis

Incusat:

Incusat; causumque putat, fontemque

maiorum

Qua veniunt.

O wickednesse! what hainous crimes surprize the hearts of men, To make us Authors of that ill which is commit by them?

MUST thou poore Time be a Maske to every fact unjustly committed? to every bribe corruptly received? to every oppressor, that is amongst the work of men numbred? What remedy! thine owne sinceritie is thine owne best Apologie. Thou wilt once discover thy selfe what thou art, and detect the secretst of Imagination, that now seemes secure of thee or thy power. So long hath my Spring continued: I expected a better growth in this field of vanity, then Stubble and fruitlesse Darnell. Well, I will now make up my Harvest: I will see if my Sythe can cut downe, where my Lenitie could not make grow. I have too long scene (the essence of my selfe) opportunity offered, contemned; too long, the estimation and repute of
of

of my name eclipsed. The worldling shall know he has a power to prune, as he had a desire to water: his infinite store of treasures got by oppression, shall be as pathes which conduct him to the Brinke of confusion. The lascivious Dame, that turnes my houre glasse to observe fashions, shall not with all her painting allure mee; Nor with her Trumperies entice me; Nor with her whoorish-looke seduce me. I am too old to be a slave to a whoore; too wise to be tempted by a whoore; and too proud to serve a whoore. The wastfull prodigall, that becomes heire of his fathers bagges, but not his vertues, shall not affright me with his oathes; awe me with his screw'd face; or dismay me with his Bilboe blade: I have a weapon of a stronger temper, and it will pierce further then a Roarers Tolado. The unjust Regrater, that engrosseth wealth to himselfe, famine to the land; I will make him open his two-leav'd garners, pull out his worme-sprowt corne, and lay his foyfty victuall forth to the open Market. And this done; I will bring him bound, before a better

better Purveyer. The proud ambitious arrogant Princke, that glories in his out-side, (and so he may, for it is worth more than his inside) shall Player-like, be stript out of those silken Trappings: he plaid a brave mans part on the Theatre of this world, but he has his *Exit*, and I am in the Tying-house and will disrobe him; he shall know, *Mundus Universus exercet Histronem*; Earth is but a stage, the life an Enterlude, the people Actors; onely I am left to empty the Stage with my Epilogue, but none of these for my paines will give mee a *Plaudite*.

Yet of all these, none to me so profest enemies as these *smokers* of our Age; they whiffe me out in fume: and spend my best of houres in Candle-light; their wits goe and come by Pipe and Pipe; thus am I taken in snuffe by every Pefant. Alas (poore aged Time) was thy first race thus addicted? were those ancient Heroes of renowne, which got glory by foraine Conquests, for their Pipe using a Pike, for an herbes vapour, fields terror, thus employed? No; their time

was

was spent (and gloriously spent) in their countries renowne ; Commonweales successe; or publike managements of state, not in an airie vapour. These increased in generall respect by particular worth; they had other employments than piping; *Belonaes* march relished better than the juyce of *Necoriana*; then were the clattering of Armes, the ranking of battailes, the ranging of souldiers, and marshalling of fields, of more esteeme than smoake. Unworthy successors of so noble and imparalleld predecessors, shall Time be spent in nothing, being the precioust of all things, but in smoake and vapour, the lightest and trivialst of all things? Shall your employments which use to be so serious, be expended on an herbe, of all others, most obnoxious? How *Time* weepes! see his teares trickling; his poore decrepit legges declining; his tongue faltring (as one ready to leave you) and then where be your delights ended, how is that *interim* of your life concluded, when *Time* shall leave you, that so long bare with you? when your dayes, as they were imployed in smoake,

snoake, shall end in smoake? Alas! I doe pittie my childrens security, pittie them and grieve for them; *Neclonge a miseria est, qu'isquis miseratur.* Your misery (by a transumed nature) becomes my misery; and while you lose me in smoaking, I well-nigh lose my selfe in sighing. O *Niobe*, why weptst thou that thou shouldst be so soone deprived of children, since my greatest misery is derived from having children? Thou weptst, not to possesse them, I to enjoy them; Contemning their foster mother that first nursed them. I tell them, my teares are continuat; my love intimate; and my end approaching; yet they answer me with hearts obdurate; enmitie inveterate; and ends despairing. I offer my selfe, and they spurne at me; wooe them with best of Times rhetoricke, and they despise me; and open the treasures of my heart to them, but they reject them and casheere me, And is not this miserable, to contemne him, casheere him, revile and inveigh against him, without whom they cannot live; without whose breath they cannot grow; and without
out

out whose supportance they cannot stand? What have they w^{ch} I give them not, (or within the course of my houres) that I minister not? Puritie of aire, to breathe; variety of sounds, to heare; fragrancy of savours, to smell; qualities and differences of taste, to relish; Diversity of corpulent substance, to handle; and rarities, with dissundred store of varieties, to behold. And doe these bounties deserve no requittall? Doe these gifts merit no recompence? Must these ample and indefinite beauties and bounties receive no thanks? must this *arndog*, that gracefull remuneration, established by the *Persians*; that, whosoever should be readier to receive than give, was to be punished with extreme censure, be thus wrapt up in forgetfulnesse? I have long expected substances, and am I payed with smoake? a sweet Incence! an excellent satisfaction! More guerdon doe I receive of my love frō the sleeping Dormouse, than the smoaking Gallants; shee sleepe but all Winter, but this *Man i'th' Mist* smoakes it all the yeare long: hee proportions his nose, like the Elephants

*Vid Plin in
Nat. Hist. Ell.
an. & ibid.*

phants snout; and to make himselfe more terrible, like another *Aetna*, steemes Vapor and terror out of his nose. Sure this is none of my Boy! I sent him not into the world smoo-king, but shrieking; and now as soone as he came peeping into the world, to fall a piping; he doth not that for which he was sent hither. VVell; if this be the fruit of thy long education, the end of my travaile, and the period of my care, I must seeke out some other children, that will imploy their time better, and make use of my bounties with more circumspection. O Lord, that *Diogenes* had come in those dayes with his Lanterne and Candle at noone day, he should have found many at their Candle without Lanthorne, but none of those hee sought for, *good men*. Alas! where may *Time* find those rare Phoenixes, those white Crowes, blacke Swans, those mirrours of mortality? the Grecians Axiome was: *οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔσσι τοι σέξ' ἔσσι*; nothing that ever was, ever erred; but *οὐδ' ἄρ'*, now shall be changed into *now*, for all things now claime privilege in error; and yet what

Nihil quod natum est, errat.

Agnosco (inquit)
infelicitatem
Carthaginis.

what avails it thee poore Time, to weepe? thou mayst sooner change thy selfe into Marble with *Niobe*, than dissolve the marble hearts of thy children with thy remorsefull reares. Vertue seldome mounts, but Vice is ever mounting; Passion may shew thy griefe, but the extent of griefe (much I feare it) will not minister a remedy. As when *Annibal*, seeing his brothers head thrown into his Tents, cryed out: Now doe I behold the misery of *Carthage*! so when I behold that Tawny-faced *Aethiopian* stand out pictured with a Pipe in his hand, to entice the poore passenger, may I justly cry out; Now doe I behold the misery of the world; the corrupter of Cities; the depraver of youth; the dotage of Age; the dissolution of all! And this griefe is no lesse than any other to me: when I see Pipes made occasions of discourse; where nothing rellisheth, nothing delighteth without them: O, how Idleness hath erected a throne for her to sit in; and in majestie triumphes over the labours of poore men! O baine of youth, why darest thou usurp the

the authoritie of a soveraigne, that
it can best; but a Vassall to the Divell;
a deluder of Novices with smoake and
vanity; a dissolver of states; a weakener
of spirits; an enfeeblener of strength;
an effeminator of youth; and a besotter
of Age? why shouldst thou in thy
selfe be so imperious, that art to all
States so generally pernicious? Shall
that issue which I have bred and
brought up in more generous discipline,
in more herpocke affaires: not
in smoake; but in the consideration of
themselves; not in the expence of idle
houres; but in the contemplation of
that soveraigne end wherto they must
of necessity come (or be miserably excluded)
employ their time (which
time they borrow but of me) in vanity;
leaving their best and soveraignest
delights, to follow their owne phantasticke
humours? have they no other
meanes to bestow that little remainder
of time which is yet behind, but
in those vanities which abridge their
time, contract their dayes, and make
me miserable in the eternall discomfort
of my children? Remaines there
nothing now for all my time of labour

bour in nurturing them, who have bin odious to that Power from whence I descended? Ungratefull to mee, by whom they were releev'd? and worst to themselves, by whom they have perished? I say, remains there nothing for my labour in nurturing them, but teares of continue affliction? motives of perpetuate distraction (and remediless) being hopelesse of their conversion? I was to them a second Nature, by my nurture pampering them with my delights; without occasion of surfeit; cherishing them with my essentiall Cordials of comfort; and reaching them managements of Armes, all oppositions to discomfit; and yet how soone may valour be turn'd to effeminacy, resolution to cowardise, and discreet government (in a hopefull infancie) to a distemperate dyet, by giving the reines of liberty? But I see the cause! while they lived under Times tuition; and were observant of his worth; they answered Times hopes, making a vertuous age succeed a vertuous birth: Then were they rained and restrained; but now giving windes to
their

their sayles, they aspire higher, and must taste of an *herbe* that equals the aspiring of their minds. O, let time move you to a better and maturer aspiring; not a smoky suffrage of popular praise; not the vaine Consorts of hours-wasting Rake-hells: but to take hold of me, now while you may possesse me. I am wilfull, if you be negligent: I have no haire behind, as you see: take me then by the forelocke, and make use of opportunity. Time is a precious jewell that must be sought after, if obtained; seeke after me then, while I may be obtained. This Age (I know) hath many inducements to draw you from me, many allurements to seduce you: but shall your father, even the Diall of your youth, and the Haven of your Age, shall he (I say) loose that excellency which was created, and at first ordained for him? Must your Winter (which seldome brings forth either flower or fruit) be reserved for Time; when your Spring, Summer, and Autumne have bin consumed in the losse of Time? When *Thesens* came to the Temple of *Delphos*, he offered the

first fruits of his haire to *Apello*; making the forepart of his head to be shaven, that he might take away all occasion of discomfiture from the Enemy (as *Homer* writes of the *Abants*.) Offer then your first fruits, your first endeavours, and first intentions, to the use and service of time; that in the surveigh of your readinesse, he may minister to you with all cheerfulness. Beleeve times words! it is not the swarty-chopt Tobaccodrugge, that will yeeld you content in the expence of your time: You may smoake it long ere you better your owne discourse, or make your Accounts even, which Time expects at your hands. A whole ounce of Tobacco will hardly purchase one dram of wit. Repentance is the best fruit you shall reape out of such an unsavory herbe. Art thou yet reclaimed, or art thou hardned? If the one, Time shall entertaine thee with his blessing: if the other; Time will bid thee farewell, but farewell thou canst not; being relinquished, and utterly forsaken by Time. I am yet staying heere in the street for thee: answer mee but
with

with hope, that thou wilt come, and
thou wilt revive poore Time, that
droopes with despaire of thy returne.
Yet, Spissum verbum est amanti, veniet:
I pray thee foreflow not my hopes,
frustrate not my expectance, but sa-
tisfie my love; Never did pleasures
with all their appearance, so much
affect thee, nor any temporary de-
lights so well deserve thee: Come
then quickly to him that doth both
love thee, and hath well deserved thee:
Odit, nec patitur moras amor: That
love which proceeds from the heart,
hates delayes with her hart; but where
love is dissembling, there love with-
out offence may be delaying. How
long have I observed thee yonder
smoaking, and was doubtfull whether
thou wert (as thou seemedst) a man, or
that Beast, which the naturall Histori-
an talkes off, that sends out nought
but fire? In, I durst not come to thee;
for I doubted, if I had remembered thee
of my abuse, I should have beene
spurn'd and spured at for my labour;
Thou art too great to be put in mind
of thy errors: but the time will
come (*Es nescio citius an facilius*)

when thou wilt with briny eyes,
 relenting heart, and all attendant
 of a passionate and distracted soule,
 thou hadst received my instructions,
 attended to my advertisements, and
 made Use of my Cautions. I will
 therefore, with this publicke and ir-
 revocable Edict, summon three maine
 infringers of my Will, contemners of
 my selfe, and corrupters of the Age:
 my summons shall serve for my last
 warning; if they returne no more to
 those Stygian-shops, those Cymmerian
 hovels of darkenesse, I will remit their
 former errors; if (in despite of my
 summons) they continue in the height
 of their Flaming vanities, their
 smoaky Impostures, Time shall whip
 those three Stygmaticall Catolounes
 to death, cutting them downe like
 Mugweedes, with the Sythe of Fate:
 Those three majesticke Tobacco-no-
 sers, Captaine WHIFFE, Captaine
 PIPE, and Captaine SNUFFE. And
 first for Captaine WHIFFE.

To Captaine WHIFFE.

YOU Captaine, that glory in your
 Art of vanity, making a high
 Road-

Road-way 'twixt your mouth and
your guttes, (and with a cunning re-
trait) bringing it backe same way it
came; you, that set up bills for your
Novice to reade; as thus: "Whosoe-
"ver will be Disciplined, or Matricula-
"ted in the Art, Science or Myſtery of
"Tobacco-whiffing, let him ſubſcribe
"his name, the place of his being; and
"Captaine *Whiff*: will be ready there
"to attend his yong maſter-ſhips plea-
"ſure, with the profoundſt of his ſkil.
O my impudent Sharke, Art thou fled
from thy Captaine, & dar'ſt thou now
uſurpe the name of Valour? Thou
that durſt not ſmell Gunpowder
art now turn'd Tobacco-whiffer?
For thee, if there were no Time, yet
there would remaine ſome few Mi-
nutes reſerved, to commend thee to a
halter, for thy flight from thy Cap-
taine. I my ſelfe will preſent thee for
altogether; thou ſhalt not onely bee
hanged (I would have thee marke me)
before the eye of the world; but I will
have thee begg'd for an Anatomie,
that thy Entrails (like *Tamerlaines*
blacke Bannaret) may hang for
Tropheyes in honour of Captaine

Whiffe, and his thrice-puissant, and thrice-renowned Profession. Having brought thee to be this Anatomy, I will leave thee.

To Capitaine PIPE.

YOU Capitaine *Pipe* (because your name is good) and many Pipes we need in this our flourishing Troynovant, for conveyance of that pure Element water into our Citie. You I say, shall be employed in conveying of water, (because you have beene ever used by men which frequented those Alleyes) to those despicable and forlorne creatures, those diseased Gallies-foists of *Turneball*, *Picke-batch*, *Ram-Allie*, and other *Suburbane-traders*, that in contempt of Vertue, make a Contract with Hell. This (though it be no worke of Charity) yet it is as good a worke as is expected of thee Capitaine: thou wert once the Gallants Pander, beare now the Whoores Tankard: Where I will leave thee.

To Captaine SNUFFE.

Captaine *Snuffe*, it may bee you will take it in snuffe, if Time tell you wherein you erre: but best is, as I am indifferent for thy hate, I am secure for thy power: Renounce the Devill, (Captaine) be not fired before thy time: be respective (as thou art a Captaine) of thine honour; and take heed thou taste not, for thy Tobacco, Brimstone and Sulphur: I would not have thee snuffe at mine instructions; for I may, and with unamated front must tell thee, that I have contested with a man of as great worth, and of far more grace, it may be. The higher Cedar (if faultie) deserves the rougher censure. Opposition to the malevolent disposition, is my recreation. Now it may bee, that in some drunken passion thou wilt sweare to stab me, what wilt thou gaine by it? where wilt thou bee, when Time has no being? Let not my precepts move thine indignation, but thy conversion: for thy threats, Time never feared them (though spoken by valour) much lesse by

by an indiscreet Ass, that is carried away with choler.

Now for my *Pipe-invektive*; if it drive thee into a fume, from a fume to a flame, my heart is hoofed; may thy gall with fume bee scared, thy guts with the flame be scorched, my fireworke will bee secured, though with paper-squibs onely sconced.

If Time should pray for thee, I thinke thou wouldst not thanke mee; yet I will offer a few orisons up for thee, for I doubt thou canst offer none for thy selfe. Leave me that shuffling, and fall to fighting; thou art neare thy grave, and then thou shalt bee smockt for thy vaine time. Receive my teares, as testimonies of my love (for ill is that nature that sends them forth in hate:) meane time, these succinct Cautions I dedicate, as remembrances to all the world; that when Time shal surcease to bee, and shall leave them, Time-lesse Eternitie may afterwards crowne them.

Thus still (mee thinks) I heare
poore Time
complaine,
And chide her
Brats, for being
so prophane.

TIMES

*T*IMES remembrance to the world.

Live in the world, as if thou meantst to leave it, being indifferent of loving it, and resolved to despise it.

In *honour*, seeke it not; for seldome is honour sought by deserts: if shee may by direct courses bee purchased, & without appearance of thine owne seeking, receive her: Gold should bee taken, if offered. In *riches*, bee not so prodigall, as thine owne expence may breed want; or so miserable, as thou canst not use thine owne. In *life*, prepare for *death*: in time, for eternitie of time; that when thy being is expired here, thou mayest live ever elsewhere. In eminent places, let not the object of Earth darken thine eye for Heaven: for Time had rather bee a poore sojournour twixt Earth and Heaven, than by being great on Earth, lose my portion of greatnesse in Heaven.

In thy *rising*, looke to the staires of thine ascending: if the foundation be desert, thou mayest (perhaps) continue

tinue longer; but if desertlesse high, I
 feare *Pharsons* pride will bee thy cen-
 sure. Set an houre-glasse ever beside
 thee, and weepe at everie drop of sand
 that falls; for everie drop of sand a-
 bridges of the number of thy dayes:
 wish not thine houre-glasse soone
 spent, unlesse thy fervencie in desire
 of dissolution, take thee from the
 thought of mortalitie, to the conside-
 ration of glorie. Happily are thy de-
 sires extended, if thus disposed; and
 Time, which in thy happy expence of
 Time did love thee, shall in thy pos-
 session of Eternitie, leave thee.

NEPENTHIACI Nania:

OR,

MUSAEUS Elegie.

Ista liquefcens pluvia, lavet peccati diluvia.

Drench thy drie soule in rivollers of tears;
 Embarthe thy panting heart in foulds of
 Enbearse thy sable soule in lasting seares; (griefe;
 Enroule thy selfe amongst all mourners chiefe:
 Water thy bed with penitentiall showers,
 And for wilde weeds bring forth delicious
 "For never did the Sun yet shine upon flowers.
 "That wretch, who sinned more than thou hast

FINIS.

(done.)



*In a little Treat, entitled Tobacco:
published by special direction
of the Author upon his death-bed,
dedicated to Humphrey King, one
well experienced in the use, bene-
fit, and practise of that herbe, and
printed for Will. Barlow (with To-
bacco Armes) then keeping shop in
Gracious street: wee have collected
these observations.*

*The diversitie of names given
to this Herbe.*



His Herbe with the French hath beene most known by the name of *Nicotiana*, from *Monsieur Nicot* a Frenchman, Embassadour to the King of Portugall, who sent this herbe first into France.

Others have called it, *Queen mothers herbe*; for that when *Monsieur*

Nicot

Nicot had sent it, commended to her, the first planted it.

Others there want not, which call it *Petum Masculine*, though far different in qualitie and effect, from that the Portugals and Spanyards have called *Petum Feminine*.

Tobacco first sent from Florida to Portugall, by the testimony of *Monsieur Nicot*, a serious and exact searcher of ancient Records.

The Authors which have most amply writ of it.

Charles Stephen, }
John Liebaule, } two French-men.
Egidius Ewartus, and
Monardes, a Spanyard.

The effects or operations of it.

Monsieur Nicot finding sundry soveraigne qualities in it, amongst other cures applide it to a *Noli me tangere*, and cur'd it. His Patient was Countesse of Ruffe, having her face perished with a wart.

The like experiments were done by *Jarnicke* Governour of Rochell, reporting at a solemne feast, how by distilling

* The soveraigne qualitie of this herbe, may be gathered from the verie radicall derivative of it: drawne from the observance of a most judicious and accomplished Knight, one, whose personall worth gives an eminent addition to his noble birth: For *an* in the Hebrew signifies *bonum*, and *remedium*; implying, that it is a good remedie against any maladic.

stilling this Tobacco, mixt with the
juyce of another lirtle herbe, casually
found in the wood, he had cured one
extremely pained with the Asthma.

It hath healed these diseases, the
Wolfe, Canker, Kings Evill, all old
sores, wounds, Tetteres, broad biles,
pricking of the Fish called *Vivres* (the
nature of whose touch is to procure
infinite bleeding, even to death:) the
Gout being rubbed in the infested
place with oyle-olive, and afterwards
by applying warme leaves of Tobac-
co, hath beene much allayed.

It hath cleared the sight, and cured
one long languishing in a consump-
tion, which I could instance in a Lady
of good account, at this day living.

Agidius Emserius in his Discourse
De herba Panacea, writeth, how a
certaine woman had given her Cat a
verie strong poyson; when the poore
Cat was in that taking, that she could
not stand with dizinesse, and strived
to voyd forth the poyson in vaine; the
woman remembering her selfe, found
meanes to open her jawes, and making
a lirtle ball of bruized Tobacco, ming-
led with butter, to make it goe downe
the

the better, thrust it into her mouth, and so swallowing it downe, within a short time shee cast up all the poyson, and so was saved.

It will cure all pimples, carbuncles, and other red excrements, called Ale-buttons.

The Spanyards report, that the Indians, after their labour and travell, drinke unmeasurably Tobacco; which not onely refresheth them, and takes away their wearinesse, but makes them apt and prompt to businesse.

The description of it.

This herbe in forme much resembleth *Consoude*. The figure or Proportion of it, you shall finde drawne in the same Tract.

The maine stalk of Tobacco groweth upright, and big in proportion, his leaves are velvety, and are in growth bigger and larger at the stalk than towards the end of the leafe; resembling the plaine forme, figure, or feature of any other leafe not ragged nor indented, save that you shall have some leaves broader and larger than both your hands, and in length, as much

much as three hands breadth.

The flower of the Tobacco is much like the flower of *Niel*; sometimes yellow, and sometimes of a Carnation colour, and sometimes in forme like a Bell.

And when it casteth the flower, it leaves the former proportion, & taketh the semblance of an Apple; in which you may find the seeds inclosed very small, appearing not much unlike to *Inquiasme* seeds, which are yellowish: but when they grow toward their full ripeness, then they appeare more near to a blacke.

The convenientest season for sowing it.

FOR the time of sowing it in *England*; I agree rather with *Monardes* than these two, who say it is best sowing it in the midst of *Aprill*; but I would rather hold it better to sow it in *March*, for the same occasion that *Monardes* writeth: howbeit, *Stephen* and *Liebault* write, that the *Spaniards* and *Indians* sow it after harvest.

The convenientest season for gathering it.

[*Eo Suavius* wils that we should gather

gather the leaves in the moneth of *Iuly*; and then bruise and distill them in a double Limbecke, with two Emissories or Spouts of glasse, and keepe this a yeere: for (saith he) this received to the quantity of an Ounce, for the increasing of health in a sicke or waterish stomacke, is most effectually.


*The convenientest Soyle for
increase of it.*

THe best place wherein it will most prosper, and be naturally planted in our countries, is, where the Sunne shineth most; and if it be possible, against some wall, which may defend it from the North-wind, which is an infinite enemy to this herbe; being so tender in stalke, nature and quality, as it may endure no distemper, nor extremity.

It is hot and dry in the second degree; and consequently of a purging quality; but fit for persons of all degrees, upon necessity.

Thus have I
prov'd *TOBAC-*
Co good or ill;
Good, if rare
taken; Bad, if
taken still.

FINIS.



TIMES Sonnet.



Weet *Youth*, Smoake not thy time,
Too precious to abuse;
Th'ast fitter feats to choose :

What may redeeme that prime,
Thy S M O A K I N G A G E doth loose?

Good *Oldman*, eye thy Glasse,

See, how those Sands doe fall!

None can agraine recall:

Old houres doe quickly passe,

Shall S M O A K E consume them all?

Loves *Lady*, whom Sunne, Weather,

Yea, the least airy touch,

(*Complexion* it is such)

May taint; cinge not your feather,

T O B A C C O may doe much.

Shunne S M O A K E, East, VVest, North, South,

L O V E S L A D Y, O L D M A N, Y O U T H.

CHAVCERS incensed Ghost.

From the frequented Path where Mortals tread,
Old-aged CHAVCER having long retir'd,
Now to revisit Earth at last desir'd,
Hath from the dead rais'd his impalld head,
Of purpose to converse with humane seed,
And taxe them too, for bringing him o'th Stage
In writing that He knew not in his age.

Las; is it fit the stories of that Book;
Couch'd and compil'd in such a various forme;
Which Art and Nature joyntly did adorne,
On whose quaint Tales succeeding ages look,
Should now lie stifled in the steems of Smoak,
As if no Poets Genius could be ripe
Without the influence of Pot and Pipe?

No, no, yee *English Mours*, my Muse was fed
With purer substance than your *Indian weede*;
My breathing Nofethrills were from Vapors freed,
With *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* nourished,
While Hospitality so flourished
In Great mens Kitchins: where I now suppose,
Lesse Smoake comes from their Chimneyes than their nose.

But I heare some prepar'd to question mee,
The reason why I am so freely bent
In such sad straines to publish my complaint;
Or what strict *Manner* that man should bee,
Who h'as done *Chaucer* such an injurie;
Whose tongue, though weake, yet is his heart as strong,
To call them to account that did him wrong.

CH AUC ERS incensed Ghost.

Ile tell it yee, and must expect redresse;
Would any of you hold it not a blot
To father such a Brat hee never got?
Or would he not ingenuously confesse,
Hee'd rather with himselfe quite issuelesse?
Conceive this well; for if it be a crime,
As sure it is, such is the case of mine.

Downe by a secret Vault as I descended,
Pent in with darknesse save some litle ray,
Which by a private cranie made his way,
By helpe whereof I saw what me offended,
Yet found no meanes to have the fault amended,
Fixt to a Post, (such was poore *Chaucers* lot)
I found my name to that I never wrot.

And what might be the Subject? no relation
Sad, solid, serious, morall, or divine,
Which sorted with the humours of my time,
But a late Negro's introduced fashion,
Who brought his Drugs here to corrupt our Nation.
'Gainst which, because it's used in excesse,
My Muse must mount, that she may it suppress.

Now some may well object, as many will,
This Taske addes rather glory to my name,
Than any way seemes to impaire the same;
But I say no; *Chaucer* would thinke it ill
To plant *Tobacco* on *Parnassus* hill;
Sacred the Synod of the Muses bee,
Nor can such *Weeds* spring from *Apollo's* tree.

Besides, what danger might *Prescription* bring!
For had the use of it been knowne to me,
It might have pleaded well antiquitie;
But th' Poets of my time knew no such thing,
How could they then of such a subject sing?
No; th' age we liv'd was form'd of milder stuffe,
Then to take ought, like Malecontents, in souffe.

CHANCER S incensed Ghost.

Pure are the Cryſtall ſtreames of *Hippocrene*;
Choice the dimensions which her *Bards* expreſſe;
Cleare is their heart as th' *Ara* which they profeſſe;
How ſhould they reliſh then ought that's uncleane,
Or waſte their oyle about a ſmoaky dreame?

Farre bee't *Minerva* ſhould conſume her Taper
In giving life or luſtre to a Vapor.

The **TALES* I told, if morally applide, ** whose pleaſing Com-
How light ſoe're, or wanton to the ſhow, ments arc ſhortly to bee
Yet they in very deed were nothing ſo; publiſhed.*
For were the marke they aym'd at but deſeride,
Even in theſe dayes they would be verifide;
And like *Sybilas* Oracles eſteem'd,
Worth worlds of wealth, how light ſoe're they ſeem'd,

Witneſſe my *Miller*, and my *Carpenter*,
The amorous ſtorie of my *wiſe* of *Bath*,
Which ſuch variety of humours hath;
My *Priour*, *Manciple*, and *Almoner*,
My ſubtile *Sumner*, and the *Meffenger*;
All which, though moulded in another age,
Have rais'd new Subjects both for *Preſſe* and *Stage*.

Yet note theſe times diſreliſhing my tongue,
Whoſe *Idioms* diſtaſte by nicer men
Hath made me mince it like a Citizen!
Which *Chancer* holds a manifeſt wrong,
To force him leave what he had us'd ſo long:
Yea, he diſlikes this poliſhing of Art,
Which may refine the *Core*, but ſpoiles the *heart*.

But yet in ſerious ſadneſſe I impute
This to no fate or deſtiny of mine,
But to the barraine Brain-wormes of this time;
Whoſe Muſe leſſe pregnant, preſent or acute,
Affording nought that with the age may ſute,
Like to the truant Bee, or Lazie Drone,
Robboother Bee-hives of their hony-cambe.

And

CHAUCCERS incensed Ghost.

And which is worse; this *Worke* they make their owne,
Which they have pruned, purged and refin'd,
And aptly form'd it to the Authors mind;
When I'm assured, if the truth were knowne,
They reape the Crop which was by others sowne.

Yea, these usurpers to that passe are brought,
They'l foyst in that wee neither said nor thought.

This, This it was *incens'd* old *Chaucers Ghost*,
And caus'd him vent his passion in this sort,
And for a while to leave th' *Elysian Court*,
Where honest Authors are esteemed most;
But such as on the Deadmans Labours boast
Excluded are, enjoyn'd by Fate to won
Vpon the scorching Banks of *Pblegeton*.

Yee then, whose measures merit well the Name
And Title yee retaine, *Poets*, I meane,
Bedew'd with influence from *Hippocrene*,
As yee Professants seeme, so be the same,
And with your owne Pennes eternize your fame;
Shun these *Pipe-Pageants*; for there seldome come
Tobacco-Factors to *Elysium*.

FINIS.